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Sunday.

Jack London arrived just after breakfast.
I like him.

A magnificent funeral cortege passed the house on its way to the Cemetery in the afternoon, ^{with a small band} playing a dead march. We noticed particularly the solo cornetist of the aggregation. Then suddenly, ~~they~~ after a pause in the music, the bass drum boomed, the snare drum gave the long preliminary roll, and the horns burst out into the funeral march, with the great cornetist carrying the air above the perfect support of his comrades. Clondesley and I walked over to the cemetery to get all we could of the glorious music.

Arthur came in the evening with Elida and Loring, and we played chess a little. I beat Jack the game I had with him.

Rather blue most of the evening.

Monday.

Officially, New Year's Day. I went out for Florence Darch early in the morning, Jack and Maryoungi met us at the station, Abou likewise, and after buying electric car tickets we gave up trying to get a car, and went to the Santa Fe. Edna Darch met us at the Maryland Hotel, and Claude Leroy and Blanche West came soon. After viewing the parade, a man photographed Jack and me with our arms around each other. Luncheon at the hotel, and then to Tournament Park to see the Chariot Races. Flirtation of Jack and Blanche. Honor of Edna. Back to the hotel, where we cleaned up. Dinner. Philopenas (3) with Blanche. I won her headache and toothache, and the last philopena, which was not decided upon. I told her she looked like the only girl I ever loved.

"I hope we'll be good friends," she said.
"I hope so, but that has nothing to do with it."
When the defeated Simard entered the big dining hall, the orchestra flashed out into "Maryland, my Maryland," and

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the crowd rose to its feet and cheered, ending with the cry for a speech. Linward stood up:

"If this is the welcome I receive when I've lost, I'm glad I didn't win!"

After dinner Jack took Edna for a short walk and talked philosophy to her. So, from being disgusted with him, she is now his abject slave. When she and I went after her suitcase, she could talk of nothing but the wonderful Jack London.

Clordestey took Blanche Lorne, and the rest of us took the car for L. A. Stay of the umbrella. Abou went out with the Dutch girls, and Jack and I came straight back to the house.

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Tuesday

Jack and Clouderley and I went out to Ascot Park on Van Loan's invitation in the afternoon, and I saw my first horse-race. Tips from Van enabled us to win \$9 between us, 3 races out the four we bet on going our way. We won \$6 on the ~~first~~ ^{third} race, \$3 on the fourth, lost \$2 on the fifth, and won \$3 on the sixth. Jack put \$1 on a 10 to 1 shot, so we only came out \$9 ahead, \$2.50 of which was mine.

I don't care for horse-racing. I was afraid to say so, though, till Jack came out with a remark to the effect that he'd rather press the button of a slot machine.

"Good for you, Jack! That's the way I feel, but I didn't dare admit it. It's so customary to say, 'But horses are live creatures!'"

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Wednesday.

Clouderley went out to persuade Blanche
not to take Luella James' part, while I
went to town, and stopped for a bit at Bink's.
I went home with her, stayed to supper, and
announced that I had to leave at 8, as their
phone was ex. 9, and I had to get a message
to the house. Opal expostulated, and when
I put on my hat, went to the piano and
played the F. M. till she broke on the
middle of the second part.

"I don't know why I can't play it," she
cried. "I want to so much! I can play
it when ~~the~~ you're not here."

"I told you I was a broodoo!"

She put her arms around my neck and
kissed me. "I play it 'ats o' times for 'oo,"
she said, "when 'oo's not here: I do! I play it
to 'oo!"

Then Mrs. Bowman cackled, and I went.

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Thursday.

Dress rehearsal of "Teddy" to show Blanche how it was done. Jack seemed to like it.

Dorothy Vere, (the baritone) came to luncheon. She was one of the 4 applicants from the 2 ads. Blanche is from the ad. before this.

Croquet in the afternoon, Blanche and I beating Jack and Dorothy de Vere. I kept Blanche as long as I could, for I wanted Opal to see her, but the Countess didn't get here till nearly six, and Blanche had gone. Then Mrs. Baird came, and we "played upon" Jack.

"Pilgrim's Chorus" in the studio. Mrs. Baird asked for the F. M. W. spoke C:

"You don't play ~~that~~ ^{Chopin} any more, do you?" he said to Opal. She made no answer. "I thought not, since you began to play Wagner." Ah, my God! What Conceit! Wagner! Wagner! As if ~~the first half of one~~ part of the overture to a single opera was "Wagner"! But that it is not very great. It is. But the cheek of him! Oh Jesus, I shall die laughing. And she plays lots of Chopin's

Sunday.

5/8/15

Edna Darch came over in the morning, with Florence, to sing for Jack. Opal and Mrs. Band (and Arthur) came while she was singing. The Carmen "Habanera", Massenet's "Enchantment", Desvies' "Mon Desir", "Allan Percy", "Commeis - tu le Pays", "Elle se Coyait pas", "Heaven my God & Thee." Opal cried with her arms around Edna, and C did his green fish dramatics. I gave Edna a rose. After dinner she sang again, and then Jack left for an auto ride

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Wednesday.

Mrs. Band gave a dinner to Jack, so that he could hear Opal play the P.C. on a good piano. Jack went there from the races, and C. & I went over from here. ~~Before~~ After dinner Opal played the P.C., Palms, and Heaven my God. Jack was quite unmoved. He left immediately after the meal, and C. & I stayed till about nine. Opal began to "play dead" on the piano stool, and I let her fall off onto the floor. She said she might have been really angry if she'd wanted to, but decided not to. "I'll teach you not to monkey that way," I said. "You have no business to, anyway: sometime you'll break a finger, and then no more piano." I told her I was going to be blue tomorrow because Jack was going away, and I liked him. "I like him, too — kinder!" she answered.

Saturday.

Morganstern at last gave me my answer. "Write to Carlson, S.F. and tell him I saw the sketch and see what he can do for you. Refer to me." And another hope is gone.

The unique manager, when he heard that the play had been turned down by Brown, said: "Well, if it's not good enough for Brown, it's not good enough for me. We put on a better bill than the Orpheum!" ——— !

After seeing Florence Roberts in "Tess" with Tra (and Essie behind) I went over to Vernon to go to see Edna with Opal. But the Darch girls had phoned that they would not be at home, so it was postponed. Opal and I talked a long while in the beastly cold parlor. She played "Anges Puro", "The Palms",

Thursday.

I took Mamyungji down to the Arcade, Jack met us there, and left at 4 o'clock on the 3:50 train. I told him not to forget that I wanted to create the role of "Little Charley" when his play was put on.

Then I went back to Birkel's, met Q, and rode as far as 21st St. with her, on my way to see a prospective "Lella Jahn." I arranged with her to go to see Edna Darch with me Saturday night, if she could.

Saturday.

With a two-vol. ~~edit.~~ of "Charles Anchester" I went over to Vernon for O at 7 o'clock. Also I took 3 bunches of violets for her to give Edna. Then we went to the Dancks'. Edna's 17th birthday. The two girls were at the Hummels, and thither we went after them. Edna sang Schubert's Serenade and Massenet's Enchantment. The little play was amusing. Edna walked a block with us. I told her I'd left the books at her home, and would write in them some time. I spoke of "the magic of thy voice" to put in the book. "But you must tell the truth," said Edna. Opal whispered something to her. "You must have a pretty good opinion of him," said Edna. "Oh no," said Opal, "but he never tells fibs".

Sunday, 22.

Clouderley left for Oakland after a farewell game of hearts, which he came out 30¢ ahead, at 9:30 P.M.

Monday, 23.

Clara McClesky answered ad. for actress in yest's paper. Chose her for Luella Jane. To Miss Waynes after part with her. Adopted cousin. Dinner at Rosslyn.

Wednesday, 25.

Went after Daisy Wallace (Clarissa McClesky) to her hotel, and brought her home.

Friday, 27.

Essy Ingersoll came over to show Daisy how to play the part, and decided to re-take it herself, and gladly we took her back. Played poker with Essy, winning 40¢, and with Daisy, winning 90¢. Neither paid.

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Friday, 3.

The Denny's took our apartments, and we moved our things to the studio, and will now camp for a few days in Clouderley's old room.

Told Oriatt of the Lyric that \$100 a week was the least, and called off the matinee tomorrow when he said \$60, or possibly \$75. Arranged with Morganster of the Broadway for a rehearsal on Monday.

Monday, 6.

Rehearsal at Broadway at 11:30. Miss Hudson got mixed and left out the Splendid Lord and forgot the auto loan. Morganster left before we came out from the dressing rooms. Went back for his decision at 3, and learned that "T. T." was too high-class for Broadway. "Lacked ginger." "Suitable for Orpheum." I told him Drown said it wasn't good enough. "Phaw! If it came from the east, it would go all right on the Orpheum." He's negotiating for the Casino, and will give us a chance at \$75 to \$100 if he gets it, or possibly try us on Broadway with changes in sketch if he doesn't.

Wednesday, 8.

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I was talking with Daisy about Gilead. She told me she didn't want to marry him, because she was in love with me. As she didn't say it in so many words I pretended not to understand. Over world.

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Sunday.

At half-past three the Best Best Co. made its first public appearance — at the Lyric Theatre. We never acted so well, but Oriatt said it would not go in a vanderbilt house. My dear! I offered it to him for \$60 a week! and he told me when the Casino management was settled he'd see about it.

Deisy, Abou, "that Miss Hunt," Mr. and Mrs. and Walter Denny, and Mrs. Davis were in the audience. The applause was good, and yet it was a failure in Oriatt's eyes.

The affairs of this family are in bad condition. Harold, the cottage, and the studio mortgaged at 8% for a total of \$800, the Schuers and the Allens about to leave, the Sheets just gone, the Denny's just come, \$12 gas for 2 months, \$90 grocer's bill, P.B.S. broke, no prizes for Clondesley, no stage for me, only forty dollars in cash for Max and me together. "And night came down over the solemn waste!"

Tuesday, 14.

Casino still tied up. Oratt won't do anything for me. Also, he says play does not explain itself! "People were wondering who the supposed prince was." (!!!)

Thursday, 16.

In line at 9:30 to buy tickets for Tambora. Got them at 11:30, having read half "A Daughter of the Snows" while waiting. Then I went home to luncheon.

Town again, P.M. Saw O on opp. side of street returning from Bosson & John's. Didn't cross over.

Friday, 17.

Reading paper to Ma, saw acct of Casino tie-up. T. Jeff White, owner. Ma knew him, she said. So I took a note of intro. & him this afternoon. He looked rather young for Ma & have met him in 1870. When he finished, he said. "This must be my father: he's been dead 28 yrs." He told me to keep in touch with him, and I guess this is the best outlook yet. He was surprised at Loo's referring me to Oratt.

Saturday.

All alone to the Ascot Derby. Left there
\$2 ahead, on my own judgement. Tips from Van.

I met Bowman in town, and took his place in
appointment to meet Mrs. Baird, who sent me
to Vernon with some things. Opal was in one of
her charming moods. And we ate shrimp.
She made me an omelette, too. Then she played
for me for an hour

Washington's Birthday

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22
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Wednesday.

Opal and I went to the matinee at the Mason to hear the Savage Co. in Tamkansen. The violins were not good, and the overture suffered in consequence. The P.C., sung - and well sung, too - was a disappointment. Arthur Deane, as Wolfram, was the redeeming feature of the performance. Opal played the P.C. on the piano when we got home, and it certainly was better than the orchestra of the afternoon.

Friday.

Ella Giles Ruddy brought Ella Wheeler Wilcox over this afternoon. She's beastly common. Much worse, even, than her writings. She told our fortunes (imagine!) for us. "As for me", I lack ambition, but will succeed in the end. (That's comforting.) I am to be married once, have two children, and will outline my wife. Also, I am to live a long time. (I don't suppose automobiles are taken into consideration, they not having been invented when palmistry was arranged.)

Abon was here, too, and he played the brook better than ever before. Anyway, it sounded sweeter: perhaps because the studio was clean, the rug on the floor, the St. Margaret hung, and the sofa draped. "This did not happen in the outer case," but when Ma and I were alone, after the Wilcox woman had departed.

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Sunday

Virginia returned Tuesday, phoned though Opal that she wished to see me, and went to town. When I finally got her she had changed her mind about what she wanted, and gave me no reason. I told her I'd call on her Friday, so today I went over, was polite for half an hour, and then she took herself off with MEB, leaving me alone with Opal.

The Countess dressed as a nun, in blue this time, and we amused ourselves in divers ways. Hermione saw Parsifal, told Opal I was in it, and I told me she knew "something," but would tell me, because I hadn't told her. I explained that I had. Only as a joke, and I payed no attention. She seemed a little grieved at not having been informed, but was glad I was doing the work. I wonder why nearly everybody thinks it manly to begin in the drege and muck of a profession? I don't believe they really do: they pretend to think so, and then look down on you because you're small potatoes. And yet — Opal does not lie:

Sunday.

Connie came up this afternoon, and stayed to supper. I told her I thought of going on at the Grand. She took no interest, beyond remarking that it was not a bad idea. Said I, then:

"Cloudesley wrote that he was going to have Blanche Partington arrange for a rehearsal of Teddy's Trick in San Francisco; but I don't see what good that will do — a dramatic critic has nothing to say about how managers shall run their business."

That did it. "I don't know about that," she answered. "They can do a great deal!" and presently: "I think I'll go see ~~down~~ tomorrow and see if he won't put on the sketch for a week."

Isn't it wonderful, wonderful, wonderful — isn't it funny what a little bit of professional jealousy and personal pride will do?

Tuesday.

Mrs. Bowman's fake birthday. They had a dinner, which I cooked. Best she's done, so far. I gave Mrs. B. a tiny toy student lamp, which does not burn at all, and told her it do to keep a light going as long as her birthday lasted. Onto the lamp I tied a card five times its length, with my name, and best wishes for "Many happy returns of the second." I dated it "Feb. 28 - March 1, 1955."

Opal told me I shouldn't pace up and down - it looked as if I was unhappy.

"Didn't you even see a tiger pace?"

"Well, they want to get out."

"So do I - out of the groove I'm running in. I came near it, with my playlet, but it was no use."

"You don't tell me anything any more," she said.

"Nothing to tell. The Casino routine was a failure, though we got lots of applause. Manager said it was ~~too~~ too good for small houses. Ought to be on Orpheum. I'll end up with the Grand Serpentine."

"You'll begin there," she answered.

Wednesday, 1.

I spent the evening with Davida, and she sang to me. She has been taking lessons from Katherine Calette, and for a while I thought her voice had been hardened, and almost spoiled. It was placed much higher. She is a soprano now, instead of a contralto. But when she sang "Flee as a Bird" I realized that her voice was just as thrilling as of old, and in addition she knew how to use it.

Thursday, 2.

Davida and I went out this evening for a horse-back ride. I have a better opinion of Davida than I had. Although she rides very seldom, and has not been on a horse for six months, she stayed in the saddle three hours without a whimper.

Saturday, 4.

Constance came up in the evening, with bad news. Drown turned her down in the coldest way, so that's off.

Sunday, 5.

Constance (who stayed over night in Miss Moore's old room!) and Mama and I went out to the Pagnabends and Moores', and on the way back I stopped to see the boaconstrictor for 10 cents.

Tuesday, 7.

Returning from town in the afternoon I found Constance here, this time with good news. Morganstein, having bought the Casino, will give us another trial. If the "ginger" is there, the Casino for a week, and if that goes well, 42 weeks on the circuit. And probably \$100 for the sketch. I wonder if this is another pipe dream?

Comine says "all bedbugs are female, and all are pregnant."

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Saturday, 11.

Rehearsal of "Teddy's Trick" at the Casino at 10:30 this morning. Essie came back from Riverside on purpose for it, so it's a shame we failed. "Absolutely hopeless," said Morganster. "The sketch is no good — You've nothing to start on."

Tuesday, 14.

Connie phoned to me that she had got me a place at Belasco's. Blackwood, the manager, told me to come around tomorrow.

Dinner at the Rawsons' and then to the Casino with Mr. & Mrs. Rawson and David. Miss Moore came back.

Wednesday, 15.

My "place" turned out to be "assistant-supe". Oh dear! Fourth letter bearer to his Majesty King Amfortas, otherwise Thomas Charles. Fifty cents a performance, I suppose. Rehearsed from 11 to 4.

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Saturday.

After 3rd Parsifal rehearsal, ending 12:30, phoned Vernon, to see about taking O to Chariot Races. Went out, and took Hermione Hawkins and O to Agricultural Park. Walked back. Supper. Walk around Vernon with the 2 girls. O said stay all night, to save coming over in morning. I told her I couldn't

Monday

Dress rehearsal of Parsifal from midnight till 8 o'clock this morning. Coffee brought in at 3; drank 2 strong cups. Came home nearly dead, and drank another cup, hence I was unable to sleep at all. I never was up all night before, and I was so sleepy I could not keep awake, and yet that gallon of coffee inside me would not permit me to sleep. I tossed for 2 hours on my bed, then dressed. Later I tried again, slept half an hour, and rose up and swore.

Opening performance of Parsifal in the evening. It's a dull, dreary, and funereal play, but the music is very beautiful. Harold Forman's singing of "Wine and bread of consecration" is very fine, and even more so his:

"Truth is knowledge! The guileless fool — wait for him: my chosen one."

Mrs. Henley's exquisite soprano makes the flower-maidens' seduction song. A vile orchestra ruins the beautiful marches for the knights' exits and entrances, and the wonderful march they play during the foot-washing.

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27-30
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Monday, 27.

News of acceptance of "The Fog Maiden" came today. \$250. I suppose I'll return \$1 of what he owes me. It's damn good news for C.

Opening of second week of Paraisol.

Wednesday, 29.

Opal phoned that Olga Steeb asked Hermione to ask her to ask me to ask Harold Forman for his address. I got it.

Thursday, 30.

Met A on Spring St, gave her Harold's address, arranged to call on Edna ^{with her} before her departure for Europe, and put her on a car.

Clouesley came ~~at~~ while I was at the matinee, and went down to find me. I came home, supped, returned to theater, found C there, and sent him out front to see the performance. Returned with him after the show.

Friday.

Ascot Park in afternoon with C. J. & Miss Moore. Van gave us a sure thing in the first race. We lost \$4. Then a dollar on each ~~race~~ succeeding race to the sixth = \$5. We were dead broke. C borrowed 25¢ to go home on, and a dollar to put on the last race. El Chihuahua, 4-1. Three feet from the wire an horse was badly beaten. He crossed in front. So we came away only \$4 to the bad. My account for the season — tomorrow is the end — is \$5.66 $\frac{2}{3}$ ahead.

C went to the theatre and told them I had cramps of the stomach, and then he and Miss Moore and I went to hear Fritz Kreisler, the great — very great — violinist. His "Humoresque" (Dvorak) is the most absolutely perfect thing I ever heard on the violin — C says on any instrument, and perhaps he is right.

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Saturday, 1.

Essie and Miss Seddewing at matinee. David too though I saw her not. Ordered a new suit for \$23.

Sunday, 2.

Worked on my room all day, for I have to live here for many months yet. Essie came to see C; much carrying on; sickened Miss Moore. Last Parsifal in evening. C. J. and Essie to Socialist meeting. He spoke, was pleased with himself, and has decided not to go to Harold as he intended, but will stay here and prepare himself to become a socialistic lecturer. "I am to deliver the first propaganda lecture in July."

Monday, 3.

Shopped till 3 with C. Dinner at Hollenbeck on him. Phoned Edna: "Come Thursday," she said. Told C, Phoned Q to make it Thursday. C anxious to be rid of me ^{at 3}, so I left him.

Thursday.

I met O at Binkels, we waited till 6 for Virginia, who of course came not, then dined at the Angelus. Splendid dinner, O unreasonably unsatisfied. With C.J. we then went out to the Darcks. Edna was sick in bed, but finally got up and came down. I wrote in the first vol. of the "Charles Anchester" I gave her on her 17th birthday:

"To Edna, from Bunt.

"And the night shall be filled with music,
'And the voices that infect the day
'Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
'And as silently steal away.'

"January 14, 1905."

She said it was very beautiful; that she had very few things like that done for her. I kissed her good-bye, C. followed suit. We departed, C. left us to go to Essie's, and we two went to Kenos. O rather taciturn; and when I kissed her good-night, turned away her face. I suppose she's full of Edna's departure.

Sunday, 9.

Rehearsal in A. M. Attended meeting of Socialist local in evening. C. spoke, and very poorly. Essie drunk.

Monday, 10.

"Lost River" opened. In evening dress I danced in the quadrille with Mrs. Buschick, and then a quick change to Italian laborer for mob scene.

Wednesday, 12.

I was almost ready to go over to Vernon to take O to see Edna off, when Ida happened to mention that that young lady had written yesterday to say she was not going. I phoned O, and told her about it, and arranged to bring her some roses after her lesson tomorrow.

Thursday, 13.

Found that I could not take roses through the matinee and have them look well at 5 o'clock, so I took only the "Undine" I had bought for her to give Edna, and met her at Binkell's. She smiled; and everything seems to be smooth now. I asked again if she cared to go to church Sunday. She couldn't tell yet whether she had to play or not.

Friday, 14.

C. and I left the house at 8, bound for Eton Canyon, and reached the "Octopus" at 11. There was not a bird-egg or even a nest in the whole canyon, though we penetrated to the head-waters, and carved our names at "the farthest north." I got a little fern for Q, and nearly got killed once, and found one nest on the road home (with 4 eggs). We got back at 6:15, having left the carved tree at 3:30 (?), and then I went down to my work, very tired. Tomorrow I'll be much more tired and exceeding sore.

Palm Sunday.

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Sunday.

Opal said she would go, so we went. I reached the house at 10, and we took a car at once for the new Cathedral, where we stayed for an hour, and then walked back - 42 blocks. "The Palms" was not sung at church, so Opal played it for me.

She was very much pleased with the fern I brought from Eton Canyon, and the roses I took over. Also, she looked very pretty in a long fur, when she dressed to go ^{up} town afterwards with Virginia. I could not resist kissing her, and called her "my little Pale" and "little great one". She gave me "The Purple Rose" to read.

On the car I asked V. if Opal could go riding with me Wednesday. V. said she'd think it over - of course she could decide nothing definitely under any circumstances, and then said she'd like to have Hermione go. I had appear pleased. Then I went off to Belasco's.

Monday.

Clouderby and I went into the gallery of the Pavilion to hear Parsifal. After the first act was over, we had dinner at the Angelos, and returned for the next 2 acts. A short time ago C spoke witheringly of Parsifal; said it was watery and muddled, and that Wagner wrote it ~~after~~ from theavings of Tannhauser. Coming home, I criticized the horns of the orchestra, and remarked that Wagner, in my opinion, made a mistake in having the wind instruments blow fightfully in on a half completed melody of exquisite beauty ("Byruth his knowledge - the guileless fool: wait for him - blow, brurr, roar!") "I like that: it's splendid," he said. "I don't," I replied. "We won't talk about it," he said crossly; "unless you can discuss it fairly." Now I have no objection to a man's changing his opinions as frequently as he sees fit - ~~it~~ ^{it} shows that he's growing: but I can not endure intolerance of every idea which differs at the moment from this, and which may be his ^{own} most sacred opinion in a week. Parsifal!

Tuesday, 18.

C and I to the gallery again — "Lucia di Lammermoor".
Mamma was below with C. L. D. Caruso has the finest
tenor I ever heard, but it seems to me there might
be a finer. Soubirch, Pole though she is, and
idol of Connie, was a great disappointment.

Wednesday, 19.

Mamma and I went to the Ranchos' in the evening.
C came later. I took Edna some lilies. She sang
Massenet's "Enchantment", "Elizabeth's Prayer", and one other
song. When I kissed her goodbye, I told her she would
come back a great person — "you are great now, but
they have not yet found it out. We shall miss
you very much, but we're glad to have you go, for
your own sake." She thanked me. "You have the
most beautiful voice I ever heard," I said. "I
love you for your voice." "But I want to be
loved for other things — not only because of my
voice." So human, that! "Et-elle ne croy-ait pas"
she sang as we stood in the door, and we left while
the enchantment of her voice still lingered.

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Friday

At 7 I was at the stables, but Q and her friend did not appear. I waited half an hour, and then phoned. It had begun sprinkling out there, it seems, and they had not started. Wanted one to bring the horses out, so I did.

Saturday

I had a real old-fashioned row with C this afternoon, while I was building Grandma's stairway. I had been working all the morning, and no objection made to the noise. About 3 o'clock, he suddenly opened his door, and demanded the reason for the disturbance. I told him I was making stairs for Grandma, and suggested his going to the studio to write for this one afternoon; but he crossly refused to move. I explained that today was the only day I would have on which to finish the work, and was told it was of no consequence whatever.

"But Grandma wants it done," I protested. "It's her house. Can't you write in the studio today?"

"Don't speak of that, please!" It is things like that remark which show his total lack of balance. His tone was very nasty.

"Go to the devil, then!" I remarked. He sprang back inside his room — he's not used to being crossed — and slammed the door. I turned again to my work, and the first intimation I had of the continuance of hostilities was his dictionary crashing at my feet, and a roar

from behind me:

"Get out of here!" He was thoroughly enraged — and helpless.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" I said. "I must do this work today, or not at all. I very politely suggested that you write somewhere else this afternoon, and you wouldn't even listen. I suppose you think you're God almighty!"

At supper he was all over it, and wanted to talk, but I wish to have him think a little longer of his unreasonableness — if he can realize that he is not a feudal baron in this house.

Income came today.

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Thursday.

I took a very large bouquet of roses to Opal after her lesson, and took her home after searching in all the music stores for something she wanted. She seemed displeased when I told her I had left Belasco's.

A woman gave her some imitation pearls — very large — and she remarked that she supposed she would have to wear them. "Shall I wear them Saturday?" (We're going to see Romeo & Juliet) "I'd rather wear the other," she continued.

"What other?"

"The small one."

"Have you a small necklace?" I asked. "Let me see it." She led the way to her room, and sat down in the window. Then she put on the chain I gave her.

"Oh, that!" I said, and being pleased, I bent over and kissed her. She jumped up and threw her arms around my neck.

"You haven't been my brother for a long time," she murmured. "I've been so lonesome: you haven't talked with me for so long." So bye and bye we went downstairs and talked for an hour on the sofa in the parlor.

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29.30
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Saturday, 29.

Opal and I saw Sothern and Marlowe play "Romeo and Juliet" this afternoon. The Countess prefers "Old Heidelberg." Sothern does the best work he has done, to my mind — Julia Marlowe is loathsome. The costumes and the scenery eclipsed anything ^{of the kind} I have ever seen; and the Mercutio was great.

Automobile wheels.

We met Mrs. Baird at Christophers and had tamales, after which we went home.

Opal was dressed in a pure white summer dress, with Charles I sleeves, and looked exceedingly well. She was very pleasant, too, and put her arms around my neck and kissed me of her own free will.

Sunday, 30.

Having played a little scarte, C took me to "The Eternal City." It's strange how a real actress can make the poorest lines almost acceptable — Hurrah for Amelia Gardner! Except confessed melodramas, "The Eternal City" is the worst play in existence. "Tell them we intended to object," says C. Move anon.

5
1
5

Monday

Connie came up this afternoon. She made an appointment for me with Morosco, and gave me a letter to him, which secured me a part in the play for the week of May 14. Rehearsal next Monday morning.

Having seen Morosco, I went to Belasco's (where C. J. and Connie were) and got a seat next them to watch "The Private Secretary". It was good, too. I don't care very much for such labored humor, but Oberle was splendid as the English tailor, Scott almost as good as Oberle, and Bliss (even he — "a poor wild swan!") was almost as good as Scott. Amelia Gardner, in the few laughs ~~she~~ of which her part consisted, was exquisite. Julia Marlowe at \$3 a seat — Amelia Gardner at 75 cents: and Miss Gardner we have always with us.

5
526
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Friday, 5.

I went with Grandma to the F. M. Club to hear Julian Hawthorne speak, but he didn't. Two women did, though, and then one more. Land! I thought I deserved a soothing potion, so I lunched at the Hollenbeck on apple pie and devilled crabs. The crabs were rotten, the pie vile. After which, I went with C and Connie to hear the Gounod Concert. Very fine piece was played — "Lento", by Mr. F. Mason, of L.A.

I decided not to have an overcoat, but a beautiful (uh-huh!) summer suit — slate gray, thin as paper.

Saturday, 6.

Miss Moore, Constance, Miss Egan, Mama, ~~and~~ "Brains" — which is my new name for C (to make him cease calling me "Corporal") and I went on a picnic to Lavanya. C wanted to go one way up the Arroyo, I another. So Miss Moore and I got lost ^{from the rest} and came home at 2. We went way up, they stayed in one spot. I don't like picnics. Give me a canyon — a real one, on the shore.

5
7-8
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Sunday, 7.

I went to the opening matinee of "Juana of San Juan" with Constance. Blanch Hall is a much better actress than I supposed she would be, and H. J. Grim is splendid. Morosco sent an usher to get my full name and to tell me to come down at 11 o'clock tomorrow.

Monday, 8.

First rehearsal of "New England Folks." Morosco introduced me to Duffield, and everything went well. My first part is the "butler," with 3 sides (16 lines, 5 sentences). I am on only in second act, and can get home early. Connie gave a magnificent notice to "Juana" — "best American play in ten years, and splendidly played." Wednesday she is going to give it another notice. Morosco is tickled to death — so am I.

Connie took me to see "Harriet's Hazy Moon" in the evening. Amelia Gardner did wonderfully, and Fatty Bliss was good again.

5
14
5

Sunday.

I am now a professional actor. This afternoon I made my first appearance for money — and I was frightened. However, I made no mistakes — but the sweat stood out all over my face when I came out into the green room. "What's the matter?" asked Stewellyn, the stage manager.

"Beastly hot on the stage," I answered. It was.

In the evening I was all right, as far as fear was concerned, but I made one mistake in my lines. I don't understand my nervousness of the afternoon, with an almost part, when I went through "Teddy's Trick" without a tremor. And in the latter I had the responsibility not only of myself, but of the whole affair. Perhaps that is the reason I was cool.

5
15
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Monday.

First rehearsal of "The Imperial Highway".
My part has no lines. "Lorey", officer of the
Imperial Guard. Three entrances, with numerous
salutes, and that's all.

They put my name "Pete" on the program, and
when I spoke to the stage director about it, he
said he'd put just I told him. As if I didn't
know my own name!

"The Examiner" gave me my first notice
this morning: "Herbert Pet makes the insigni-
fificant part of the butter stand out by his
clever reading of the common ^{place} lines."

Thank you, Constance!

In the evening, Miss Vernon, who is
on with me in the second act, hoke in
on ~~me~~ one of my speeches and nearly
threw me out. But I'll get used to the
business after a time.

5
16-19
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Tuesday, 16.

Mama's birthday. I gave her a two vol. edition of "Counterparts," which she liked muchly!

I mailed a program and a "notice" to O. J.

Wednesday, 17.

Missed my second entrance, with 2 lines, and Duffield called me down. I told him it would not occur again.

"What's the matter?" asked Bernard; "Miss your entrance?"

"Yes, damn it!"

"Oh, that doesn't matter! Everybody does that once in a while."

Friday, 19.

Five hours rehearsal! I had to stay there all the time, though I'm only on in one set, and for about 3 minutes ~~all up~~ ^{in all}.

5
21
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Sunday.

Opening of "The Imperial Highway" at the matinee. Husser's uniform, but unfortunately the same as supers'. Though my name is on the program (Loring ----- Herbert Peeto), Essie could not tell which one I was.

Morocco was as nice as apple-pie to me: asked what I thought of the play, and was very cordial. Later he told me that week after next I was to have quite a part - nothing next week, however, in "Me and Mother." I told him that I wanted my name ^{spelled} right on the program, and he said he'd see to it at once.

I met Connie as she came out and walked over to the Examiner with her.

"Be good to the play," I said "— it's our bread and butter". And it's not a bad affair, either; full of flaws, but equally full of dramatic possibilities and some subtlety, which William Bernard makes the most of.

5
23-28
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Tuesday, 23.

First pay-day. And I only got \$5. Hell and damnation!

Saturday, 27.

Paid again - only \$5. So I went to Moroso and told him I found it very hard to get along on that. He said I should have been paid \$10 - mistake of assistant treasurer (!) "Come around and see the play tomorrow, and I'll fix it up about the salary."

Sunday, 28.

Got my \$3 back pay (only \$5, though, for "Imperial Highway," because I had no lines - as if that was my fault!), and Moroso was very nice - seems to be a habit of his. Takes it off the salaries! Told me to give him my measurements, so he could order my costume for "Otega" especially for the occasion.

Called on Mary in the afternoon. First time in nearly three years.

Tuesday

5
30
5

First rehearsal of "Juana of San Juan",
with H.P. as Ortega. Two lines to speak off
stage, and four entrances besides, with quite
a lot of business.

All arranged to take Mary to see
"New England Folks", but evidently my
being an actor stopped it, for when I got
out to the house Mary said her mother
wouldn't let her go on a school night,
which was damn funny considering the
fact that she had given permission already,
and that it was a holiday!

Friday

Constance's "goods and chattels" arrived yesterday, and today came Constance, to stay. The eight dollars a month (marked down from \$10) which she is to pay for the well-room will help considerably if she pays it.

She sent passes for C & me to Mrs. Fiske's performance tonight.

It was great. The play itself is wonderful, all but the last act, which is colorless and necessary. Mrs. Fiske was on the whole better than in either "Maid of the Mountains" (thought there was no chance like "Until the Day Break —") or "Hedda Gabler." Her enunciation, as usual, very admirable. But George Arliss — that was the perfect part of "Leah Kleschna." He stands at the top of the profession — for me. And Charles Cartwright was great, and nearly all the balance of the company were very good indeed. All honor to Mrs. Fiske! The finest plays, the most superb companies, perfect stage-management, — and a woman, alone, backing the trust.

Sunday, 4.

Opening of "Juanita of San Juan." Numerous compliments for my make-up. Everything went well. I overplayed ~~my~~ part terribly. And its nasty, dirty, greasy brown stuff to get off, is my make-up.

Monday, 5.

Connie gave me a nice notice in the Examiner, although she didn't approve much of my performance. Well, neither do I.

I bought a record to see what it said of the play, and lo! nearly the whole notice was of me; and mine the only name mentioned!

6
829
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Thursday, 8.

I put on all my nasty brown grease-paint, and fixed my bow-leg pants, and had my picture taken. Digh!

I spoke of the dirtiness of it to Bernard, who answered: "It's worth it — it's a splendid makeup."

I've had trouble with my mustache glue, and was talking with Jim about it. I asked him what kind of glue he used, etc.

"He's just learning," sneered Bartlett (one of the dressers). Like a shot Jim answered him: "Well, what of it? I had to!"

Saturday.

Mamma and Miss Moore, (as well as Essie and Davida and Mrs. Rawson), were at the matinee.

In the evening (last performance of Granita of San Juan), I looked through the curtain at the house, and my eye fell upon Virginia in the balcony. Surely that is Virginia! Yes, for there also is Mr. Kappel — and next to him is Opal, and next to Opal — why Mrs. Baird, of course. A few moments later the head usher came to my dressing-room with a note on a card:

"But; can't you meet us in the lobby after the show — to meet Opal's Mamma. V. W. B."

I could.

So it wasn't Mrs. Baird after all.

We had some sandwiches at the Angelus, and then I walked with them to their car, and left them after telling Opal I was coming over tomorrow afternoon.

Impressions reserved.

Sunday.

I went over about four, and from then till I left, at 9:30, I laid myself out to interest Mrs. Pioutkowski in me. I think I succeed, though at five o'clock, while O and I were walking over to the bakery, I said to her:

"Your mother doesn't like me, does she?"

"Why yes, she does!" cried the Countess, and then added, "She likes everybody: and she hasn't said anything against you. She must like you!"

When I showed Mrs. Pioutkowski the Imperial Highway picture I had given Opal, she said it had about as much as expression as a pan of milk. "I like you much better than the picture," she said. And when I shook hands with her at parting, she held my hand tight, and considerably longer than convention demands. Also, she told Opal she could go to the Harvard dance with me Friday night, although V. had refused. (For last evening, when I

told I was going she asked, "Who you going to take?" And it fell about that I invited her.) Otherwise, however, Mrs. P. was rather unenthusiastic over my existence.

I was brilliant at dinner — and Mrs. Baird suffered. After dessert, Mrs. Baird told a gruesome tale of a South American animal which ate into the negroes' toes, so that many were toeless. "Will you have some more cake, Mrs. Piotkowski?" I asked. They seemed to think it was very funny.

Besides the photograph, (the uniform of which Opal likes!) I took her Donak's Humour, sacred to Kreisler.

The Countess says her mother has changed, and is not so refined as she expected — "but she's my own mother, anyway!"

"Hasn't she beautiful eyes?"

To me she seems altogether the best of the Bowman girls. Certainly the best looking, and very intelligent. Her voice is queer, though.

Friday, 16.

Saturday, 17.

Five hours rehearsal in morning, in which I went all to pieces.

Harvard Dance in evening with O and Mrs. P. O doesn't like Mary. Left at 12; carried to end of Vernon line; bed at 2 A.M. Three hours sleep; rose at 6, and came home, changed my clothes and down to rehearsal.

Met O and Mrs. P. at Huntington Bldg, and then to Ocean Park. Walked to Santa Monica; plunge. Harold Trask. Returned to Ocean Park, eating fruit on the way. Dinner at the Casino, and then a long wait for the car. I was nearly dead. Opal and her mother did the talking. Mrs. P. born in March, 1873. O was born when Mrs. P. was 17. She told O not to make the mistake she made — running away from ^{the troubles of} home to others that we know not of.

So Opal is fifteen, only, after all — a July 14

Sunday, 18.

Opening of The Spell Binder. No errors for me.

Monday, 19.

Notices scant. Examiner said I was "intelligent". Considering what the part is — a tough Senate attendant, I would hardly call that praise. Record said I "filled the part. ~~huh~~!"

Thursday, 22.

Took O's cap, and an "Ortega" photo to Bikel's, but O doesn't take her lesson there any more, but at John's home. Phoned to Vernon, and then went out, taking a doz. grape fruit for Mrs. Pulkowski, whom I did not see, she being upstairs. Mrs. Bowman was very cross, Virginia rather shot, and Opal was the only other person I saw, (except Dr. Bowman) O was extremely pleasant, which is quite enough. She tried to play the F. M., and failed, as usual. She walked to the car, and I went back to the gate with her, and left them for the Barbours.

4245
C.J.'s lecture at the Socialist Hall; Virginia, Mrs.
Clark, J.P. & Mrs. MacKathon. Met Mrs. P. Off. & Virginia
and took her over to lecture, where she met C & J.P.
for first time. Mrs. P. is a Socialist, and hates spiritualism.

Took Virginia and Mrs. P. home. Explained that
Opel did not have enough pleasure, and that with
her temperament, etc. "They think they're doing
the best thing for her," said Mrs. P., "but it's the
worst. I'd take her to Mexico, but there a girl has
no chance at all for broadening out." — "I've
increased the enmity of most of your family by
trying to give Opel a happy time," I said. "I gave
a stiff proposition to break against," said she.
Arranged for Catalina for Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs. P.'s a trump! "Surely you're not going to let Opel go to
that camp meeting," said V. "No, I'm going to take her to Catalina!"
Mrs. P. goes with me Wednesday eve. to King Park.

Wednesday, 28.

Mrs. Proutkowski went to see Myjah with me. It was worse than Sunday, Myjah was.

Thursday, 29.

Opal gave a party to the graduating class of her school. I made up as a gypsy fortune-teller, and had a good time. Also, I made a hit. Mrs. Proutkowski looked about the same age as the little girls did. Opal had her fortune told, and so did Mrs. Band, but not the little girl in ~~the~~ blue — Okeil Evenson, or something like that. Opal wants to go to a party ~~at~~ Saturday night to see Mr. Rheinhardt, one of her teachers, and so doesn't care to go to Catalina.

Friday, 30.

Telephoned 29259; O not there; Mrs. P. said she asked O about Catalina this morning, and O said she was going to Mr. Rheinhardt's party. Disconnected in some way.

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2-3
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Sunday, 2.

I went to the Bunbank for Constance, saw
The Red White and Blue, and ran over to the Grand
for the last act of Only a Shop Girl. Newbreak
attentions of the Grand manager very amusing.

Very good part for next week in The Village P.M.
Ten sides, Inosako says.

Monday, 3.

First rehearsal of The Village Postmaster.
Fifteen sides, but mostly business - only
33 lines. Country boy off about 15. Finnish
most of the humor of the piece.

Went with Constance & Orphnum in
evening. Doorkeeper looked queerly at me.
Terrible bill. Constance will foot it.

Note: See notice in July 4th's Examiner in
~~soap book~~ drawn! Mr. Clark! C. L. S.!

Ha! ha!

"Thinking I see the smile" —

"I don't see why you like me."

"I've liked you ever since the first time
I saw you. You played The Palms." ~~to you~~

"I generally do," she said.

7-4-3-1
Q is fifteen on the 14 of this month. She was
born, Mrs. P. says, now, (see 6-17-05) that Q was born
before she was 15 years old. Mistake somewhere!
She would take Q to Mexico, where she goes early
next week with Mrs. Baird, if she had any ^{one} ~~place~~
to leave her with. She, of course, is always off
nursing. Q to be sent for as soon as she is ready

to give a recital.

I told her I wanted to give O a watch for her birthday, and asked her to go with me to choose it. She told me V had asked her if I was going to give O a birthday present, and she said^{ed} she didn't know why I should. However, she was perfectly willing I should. V told her O was always fishing for presents. I said this was a mistake - It was not O's nature.

When O came down, dressed, I took her, at V's orders, to her party at "Olga's", and left her. Then I went back to the house, and went to Belasco's with Mrs. P. on her invitation.

On the car:

I told her of B's wrath at the riding skirt affair, and my view of the matter. (Mr. C. B.'s gift of breeches to me, & in the east, I had to have skirt before she could go riding, permission from Mr. C. B.) Mrs. P. said it was all right. We returned to the watch subject. "I'm ~~very~~ very fond of Opal," I said, "and want to do all I can to make her happier. I like to give her little presents on her birthday and at Xmas time. She ~~was~~ helped me very much once, and I ~~haven't~~ shan't forget it."

"I think it's very good of you, Bert:
I appreciate it if no one else does."

After seeing "The Lady of Lyons," I took Mrs. P. to supper at the Angelus. Just before leaving the table, I noticed the picture of the "Angelus" on my glass, and showed it to her. "Let's take it," she said - So we did - or rather, I did. I did not go clear home with her, but left her at the Arcade, as it was late.

Friday.

After rehearsal I had my hair cut short in order to wear a wig next week.

I phoned Mrs. G. that I'd get $\frac{1}{2}$ the wheel and also buy the brush & comb on my own account.

"Can you afford it?" she asked.

"Certainly," I answered.

"It's very sweet of you," she said.

Edna Grant
came in the
evening

7/8/11
Saturday.

Last rehearsal of The Village O. M.
Finished getting my costumes, and "by
yummy!" I'm going to make a bit with
this part!

Sunday

Opening of The Village Postmaster. I was rather nervous, and missed two entrances — one of which was unavoidable. Luckily Morocco only noticed the unavoidable one, which was easily explained by the noise of the rain-fall. Also I had to be prompted once in the pie scene. My part got most of the laughs, however.

I hurried home after the matinee, and found Virginia, Mrs P. and Opal here. I had my photograph taken (by V) with Mrs. P., with her upside down, hanging from the porch crossings.

Opal, Mrs. P., Abon, Clouesley (and Connie part of the time) sat in the front box, right, for the evening performance. I felt splendid, and acted without a mistake. Dossoco was not there, but Eytan, standing by Connie, said:

"Your boy is doing well."

"I know it," said Con.

Connie of course left for her writing, and the rest waited in the green room for me. Opal was lovely, and delighted with my performance. She said I was "too sweet for anything" in my outgrown clothes.

Monday.

Post-mortem rehearsal of the Kil. P. M.
When I entered the green room, there on a
large cardboard was my notice from the
Examiner (which said I was the hit of the
performance) framed in black radiations
and above was printed NOTICE; below,
OH FUDGE!

I took it as a very good joke, which was all
I could do.

And then, in the evening, out ^{came} the Record,
with a better notice than Connie's, saying
the same thing in stronger language!

The stage doorkeeper tore up the thing,
saying it was probably the work of some people
who never could act and were jealous of
those that made any success.

Some one asked Mauda Glendon what she
thought of it:

"I think it's a pretty nice thing to do."

7
11
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Tuesday.

M. E. B.'s birthday. I rang her up, wished her the usual happy returns, told her I had something for her, and met her at Dean's at 2, where I gave her a complete "Poe's Rose Tales" on eggshell paper in limp leather, (£1.25) and wrote:

"To Martha Baird, in appreciation of many little kindnesses which did not go unnoticed.

July 11, 1905. From Herbert Peet."

She was much pleased but deplored my extravagance.

"You should not spend so much on Opal's presents, either," she said.

"But it makes the little girl happier. She likes pretty things."

7/14/51

Friday.

Opal's birthday. She thanked me for neither the silver brush & comb nor for my half of the bicycle. It doesn't prove anything, one way or the other, but — I know of no one else in the world who wouldn't have thanked me for \$23. worth of birthday presents.

I met them (O & V & Mrs. P.) quite by accident at Dean's, just as I was taking a car to go out to Vernon. Mrs. P. knew I was going out there today, but here, at 2 o'clock was O down town, and I had shopping yet to do! She said she was just going to send O home so to be there when I came!

Today Mrs. P said she was 20! I called
her attention to the fact that she'd once said
32. Also, again (today) Opal was born ~~when~~
before she was 15. I reminded her
that before it was 17.

7
19
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Wednesday.

Mrs. C. phoned at 1:30 to know whether she should meet me at the theatre or wait at home. Ghosts was the play, and I had invited her a week ago and never thought about it again! Thanks to my lucky star Connie had an extra seat in the box we were to have, so everything was all right. She came half an hour late, and so I missed some of the first act, but it didn't matter because it was a rotten company, and only Harry Destager worth seeing. Mrs. P. enjoyed it very much, and when I was over, said (I had told her she intended to play Oswald some day):

"Is that your ambition, Bert?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, it's a very fine one." So it all right, I guess about my stage career with Mrs. Opal.

"I want Opal to play Regina," I said.

"And I'll play the mother," said Mrs. C.

"And Clonderley as Engstrand," say I.

C. was leaving us at the car, when

7
20
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Thursday.

C. is going strong. This morning he told me he was off for Ocean Park with Mrs. P. Now last night she arranged to go the theatre tonight with me, so I rang her up and asked about it. She said she'd go, that it wouldn't interfere with her beach trip at all.

I got there at 7, and I opened the door. I asked if Mrs. P. had returned. Virginia expressed surprise. "Mrs. P.? Opal is upstairs painting and powdering." I explained that Mrs. P. and I were to go to the theatre together, and that I knew nothing of Opal. I said Dolly had told O to meet her at the theatre, and that

7
20
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she (V) had told Opal that if she went she would have nothing more to do with her — that her mother would have to take her to Mexico.

"Dolly turned Opal over to me and if I am to be responsible for her behavior I must have authority. If Opal goes out tonight I shall have no further hand in the matter. Dolly has spoiled her so now that she's utterly unmanageable. She'll have to take her to Mexico — and let her play in music halls. That's what she wants to do with her."

Opal came downstairs. Virginia asked if she was going. "Yes," said she. "All right; I'll telephone Mr. Jahn that you won't come for your lesson tomorrow, or any lessons in future. Dolly must take you to Mexico when she goes."

Tuesday, 22

I began reading "The King's Mission" to me.
She is not very well today.

Wednesday, 23.

A is still out of sorts. Hates Charlesley. Says
he's "repulsive - Walks like an animal." She's
gone over to Vernon to get her music.

Thursday, 24.

A is all right today. We got up a little
supper for Miss Moore, and I brought a
cake when she came from the bazaar.

Sunday.

Opal came over in the afternoon to see Constance before she left. She talked long with her in her room, but came once to my room, which I was cleaning, for her baby photo. She thought I had some other girls' pictures in the package, because I wouldn't let her see it when I opened it.

I asked her to take a walk with me, but she passed it off with a pleasantness about the doghouse baby, and when I spoke of it again didn't answer at all. I told her later that I thought it was rather mean, and she seemed really sorry to have hurt me. She stayed to supper, and ~~was~~ very gay, and made much of Conie, and beat me on the head, and I beat her back, which disgusted Miss Moore.

I took her up to my room just before she left, and showed her the baby photo in the envelope. "Did I say you could ~~put~~ that there?", coldly. I tore it up. She said. "Why did you do that?" "You didn't seem to like it." - "It's rather silly," she said. I picked up the duplicate. "No," she said, "I like some silly things." Then I gave her the poem.

"You said the other night - 'I should think you'd hate me: I don't see why you like me' - Well, there's your answer." This was what I said as I handed it to her, and turned away while she read it. There was a long, long pause when she finished; then her hands on my shoulders, and, "No one ever did anything like that for me before."

I went home with her at her own request. Mrs. P was out of sorts, lying on the window seat writing poetry.

I asked Q to get the Matthew Arnold. She said she wanted to keep it. "Do you ever read it?" - "Do I?"

She didn't go to the door to kiss me good-night.

Tuesday

Opal, Mamma, Mrs. Bowman, Miss Moore and I went to Venice in the afternoon.

Dot Bernard gave me her photograph, which I showed to Opal.

I lay down on the sands, and rested. Opal came to disturb me, leaving the others under the bridge-affair.

Then we walked away down the beach. Virginia Ave. "I'm afraid!" she cried, drawing back in pretended honor.

"That's one reason I like you," I said.

I built a fort, and sallied forth to capture. All I found was an opal, on the sand. This I took back to the fort, and held.

"I have captured you, O maiden. I went to search, and lo, here is my captive maiden. I have made you my prisoner."

"It wasn't very hard to do."

After some time she remarked:

"Baby wants to go back."

"All right," said I, rising.

"Baby don't want to go."

Three times we went through this, and then went back ^{to the ship,} where we had supper. The only seats left were two and two, except in one place, where there were three. Opal wanted to sit with Miss Moore, so they all went to the 3-seats, which left me out. I stood up all during the meal, and ate later. She stayed with me while I ate - because I asked her. Then we went out to meet the others.

"Did you enjoy waiting?" asked Miss M.

"It was all Opal's fault," I said, and explained the situation. Opal went off with Miss Moore in a huff, and later we met to go home. I apologized:

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did, Opal. I don't suppose you thought you were doing anything out of the way. It was only thoughtlessness. You didn't mean to hurt me. But you see, there were seats in two and two, and you were with me, so I supposed of course you'd sit with me & supper."

But I'm sorry I mentioned it. I had no right to do so."

She seemed troubled all the way home. I went out to Kenan with Q and Mrs. Bowman.

"Will you take me to the theatre when I get my new dress?" she asked.

"I don't think I'll ever take ^{you} anywhere again," I answered.

"Why?" she questioned.

I told, what we had gone over time and again before, that never had we gone out together without a row, and in the middle of my talk we reached 48th St, and got off. Mrs. Bowman went inside, and I took Q ~~at~~ to the summer house to finish what I had to say.

I carefully explained how totally misinformed we were to each other, and reiterated the affair of the afternoon.

"You do some thoughtless little thing and I lose my temper, and say rude things to you, and then I feel myself cheapened in your sight."

Now I care too much for you to
wish to demean myself in your eyes,
and yet I can't help doing it. I have
tried again and again to let your harmless
little acts go unnoticed, but it's no
use. If I see you at all, we have
quarrels, so I think the best thing for
both of us is to cease being friends."

"Bertie!" she cried, and leaned
forward, away from me, and was silent.

"It's because I care for you so
much," I went on. "Probably the same
things which irritate me in you would
not bother me at all in someone I
didn't love, but they hurt me so in
you. I've tried so hard to keep still
when you did things I didn't like, but
it's always a failure. We can't be together
without quarrelling so we mustn't be
together, that's all. I still have my
work, and I shall try to forget it
all; but this can't go on. I love you
too much to cheapen myself by
petty rows. So good-bye."

She began to sob, and I put my hand on her shoulder.

"I didn't know it would hurt you so, little one. I don't want to hurt you. I love you more than anyone else in the world — more than I ever have loved anyone, more than I ever will love any one. But I'm afraid we can't be friends any more."

"Oh Bertie, I can't let you go!" she cried.

"I'll try just once more, little girl."

"You ~~must~~ try only once. Try over and over again. We must be friends. I don't know what I'd do without you, Bertie."

"Please don't think it was jealousy of Miss Moore that did this, Opal. I couldn't be jealous of a woman."

"There is no man," she said.

"Do you mean — do you mean that you love me, Opal?"

"Yes, yes!" she whispered, and there was nothing more to ^{say}, but we talked for an hour or so longer, just the same.

"Are you sure of it, dearest? This is
nighttime, you know, and things will
look different in the morning."

"There have been other mornings," she said.

I didn't kiss her much. I was too awfully
happy. I told her that I began to re-
alize it about a month ago, when I
saw that she was no longer a little girl; and
then one night I lay awake and thought it
all out, and in the morning I knew.

"I'm so glad I love a good man," she said.
So after all, I get my reward for "goodness"

Follow the Roman pattern

East, where the silence broods

By a purple wave, on an opal beach,
In the hush of the Mahim woods.

"The wild hawk to the windswept sky,

The deer to the wholesome fold,

And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,

As it was in the days of old."

Just then Virginia, furious, took her away.

Wednesday, 2.

8
2-6
5

By the evening's mail came the most beautiful love-letter I ever saw, and a little look of her hair.

Saturday, 5.

I sent her some bananas, cakes and caramels, from Newbury's, and with them 2 books to read, and the Schumann "question and answer."

Sunday, 6.

Opened in "In Sight of St. Paul's." No mistakes at all. 5 sides, 24 lines.

Phoned D, and then went out for 2-hours between the two performances. She was waiting for me, in the parlor, and turned to me from where she sat at the piano, overflowing with love. Just as I was leaving her mother came in and we arranged definitely that they were to come over on Tuesday to spend a week.

P
25-28
5

Friday, 25.

I pays no attention to Opal, and Opal is rather hurt. Naturally she doesn't love C.

Saturday, 26.

Opal helped me clean my bedroom.

Sunday, 27.

Exceedingly hot. Merely existed.

Monday, 28.

First rehearsal of "If I Were King".
I play Colin de Cayeux: 36 sides; 11 lines of my own, 56 lines "omnes", most of which are exclamations; and 36 laughs; 6 entrances.

O was waiting for me when I returned.
Said she knew how much she loved me since I'd been away all day.

Frightfully hot.

Tuesday, 29.

8
2931
5

Very lonely, as rehearsal kept me away nearly all day; even longer than yesterday (which was five hours). And the heat is terrible.

Wednesday, 30.

No rehearsal, because of "A Doll's House" which I didn't see because of the awful heat. The paper says yesterday was hottest day in 20 yrs. Miss Moore left for Illinois.

Thursday, 31.

C, D, O and I went to see George Barnum
in "Richelin" on some tickets Miss Moore
left as a parting present. O had a head-
ache, and I got one in the theatre. O del-
iberately missed the car at 5th St & 1st. because
of C & D's spooning on the street. After we got
home she explained that her mother's forgetting
her father and speaking against him hurt her
terribly. She cried in my arms while C & D ate in
the parlor.

I remember, the first night I ever saw Opal, that Mama and Virginia went upstairs, leaving me and the Countess in the parlor. When Virginia was half-way up, she called ~~down~~ back to me, "Don't make love to my niece, now!" That seems amusing in the light of after events. And Mama says that when we were out at the ranch somebody said something about generations, and I remarked that Opal and I didn't make more than one generation together. Whereupon Mrs. Bowman said to Ma: "Perhaps that's prophetic!" It was that same day that Opal gave me a white rose, ~~and~~ saying: "That is for a heart ignorant of love!"

I wish I could just take her away from the Bormans, "out of the mist and hum of that low land," where she is always having colds and toothaches and rheumatism, and take her to a palace "in the greenest of our valleys" and keep her forever, and nothing be done except for her happiness, and she do nothing except from love. "Call on God, and on the holy angels!"

9
1-2
5

Friday, 1.

Eight hours of rehearsal. Mrs. P sent O home while I was away. Easy enough to see why. She wants to stay with C, and can't while O is here. I wonder if O said anything to her last night to rile her - about her forgetting me. At O left my shirt finished. Ma says she cried hard, and begged to stay till I returned. Little darling! it'll be a cold cold day if they keep her after the year is up.

Saturday, 2.

A sweet letter from O by the the morning's mail, and later she rang me up to ask if I got it, and to say "how-do-you-do."

Sunday, 3.

Opening of "If I Were King." In heard of enthusiasm. Eleven curtains after second act! My costume is all right, but a few sizes smaller wouldn't hurt.

Monday, 4.

Special Labor Day matinee. House packed. Curtain calls by the dozen. Opal was waiting for me outside when it was over. I went to Mrs. Dailey's with her. Dorothy came.

"We've been waiting for you - you're late!" I said in a slightly bawling tone.

"I'm not too late to tend to my business," she snapped.

Byrne asked her why she was angry with me, and she said she wasn't! "Only in a hurry!" (As if I didn't understand her!)

Or I went to see the play in the evening - I suppose.

Thursday, 12.

I went to Darlington's with Arthur to sign deeds. It seems I wasn't of age when I deeded my half-acre to A L M, and so I've owned it all this time and needn't have worried.

O came while I was away, and left a note under my door asking me to come to Vernon tomorrow.

Wednesday, 13.

Had dinner with O at Vernon. She played The Funeral March clear though.

Thursday, 14.

Met O at Mrs. Dailey's after her lesson. Dinner (!) there, and O walked to the Huntington Bldg. with me on my way to the Bank. She went with Dr. Lakin and C & D and the Daileys to East Lake Park, a-boating, after I left.

9
7-11
5

Thursday, 7.

I rang up last night to see about going to Belasco this afternoon. Misunderstanding on D's part. I supposed I would have to take a lesson, but evidently not. So I got another ticket, and we went to the matinee today. The bad taste is in my mouth yet. Oh, the fussiness of that ~~man~~ play. We went to Mrs. Darley's for dinner, and then I walked to the Huntington Bldg. with me, and I went out to the bank.

Sunday, 10

Opening 2nd wk. "If I Were King."

Opal came in the morning, spent the afternoon (while I was at matinee) and went as far as Fifth - Main with me on my way to theatre.

9
16-18
5

Saturday, 16.

I went to Mrs Darley's after the matinee, and stayed
in the hammock with O till time for evening performance.
Turner Hall dance after closing of "If I Were King."
O & I had gone out for supper, and came back just
after I'd left. Home on last car.

Monday, 18.

Check for \$250 came at noon from Title Abstract Co. for my share of the Sulphur Ranch. Spent afternoon shopping & paying family bills.

Mama says I told her yesterday that I was the finest man ~~of~~ my age she had ever met.

Sunday.

Dorothy spoke very unfeelingly to me about practicing her music. I hurt by it. Considerable talk all around as to why I wouldn't practice. There has been a coldness between D & I ever since I was sent home after her first visit here. She naturally does not understand why I should see Charles whenever she wants to, and she not allowed to see me all the time. And C has certainly taken most of D's love, leaving I merely the dregs of it. Poor little Countess is very sad and mad. I told D last Wednesday that I had longed for her mother for the five years she was away, and to lose her now, just as she had found her, was very hard to bear. I was annoyed at this.

Monday, 25

Opal left at 8, to go to Kenon and to school. Dorothy evaded, in a little talk I had with her & C, her marrying Clodesby. "Couldn't succeed with her nurse business if the dis. knew she was married." "Why tell them?" I asked. "Oh, they'd find it out!" "How?" Or, why haven't they found out the real condition then?

Justice's Court - Francis vs. Priest. Lots of fun. Judgement for us. Saved us \$150.00. Barren and Bailey's Circus in the evening with C, D & O. Dats are damn hard & uncomfortable. Opal suffered terribly most of the time with neuralgia. We stopped at different places on the way home to try to get relief for her. Darling little angel! It must have been a frightful pain, for she cried in my arms during the circus performance, and it takes a great deal to make Opal cry.

Tuesday, 26.

Took O's look to Dentist's at Arcade, where she had her tooth treated.

9
27-30
5

Wednesday, 27.

"Tilly" matinee with C & D. Leading woman image of O from rear, and like her front view. Vernon to dinner cooked by O. C & D, hunting cream puffs, hot. Arrived later.

Friday, 29.

Met O at Dean's, and took her to lecture on music at New Blanchard Hall. Worked for a bit. Escaped through big hall, mortally wounding my shin. Ben tank, where I was to meet C & D. All four on passage to "The Hermita". Tied Harry Meatager, and Okele, Woodward, Gardner, MacVicar, and the rest. Bernard was the only improvement, and he not much of a one. O came home with us.

Saturday, 30.

Paid off Harold mortgage with some of my Sulphur Ranch money and the rest from R.B.D. at 8%. Returned in time to see O off to Mrs. Johns. She came back while we were talking of her in the kitchen.

10
1-2
5

Sunday, 1.

O said she wanted to stop school because of
of her eyes, which are much worse. She
suffers terribly from her mother's neglect of her
and in Colman's room.

Monday, 2.

Strong language at breakfast. I told O to
get ready to go back to school.

"You're not going to send her to school
with her eyes in this condition, are you?"

C broke in with a speech on the benefits
of school, and I blazed out at him till everybody
quieted down. I was made clear though. I
won. No more school for the Countess Opal.

She went away at 3 o'clock, as she had an
appointment with the dentist.

I gave D \$2.00 to use in seeing an oculist
for O. He said it wouldn't cost her anything. Told her
she could probably use the money some way.

10
3.5
5

Tuesday, 3.

Sad letter from Q. She's very unhappy. She phoned to me, and later I phoned to her.

Wednesday, 4.

Vernon to get D's medicine. She kept dinner from 6 till 7:30, as I was late from Stockbridge's. Left early. She went to car, & I ran back to his house.

Thursday, 5.

I got the photos from Witzel I ordered. One of the large heads I gave to O (as she wanted it for her nurse). They are superb pictures, showing what a real beauty she is, and will be for twenty years or more. We went to Hamburger's, where I met her after her lesson, and she bought slippers for her mother. Her mother thought I put her up to it. She doesn't appreciate Opal, at all.

10
7-10
5

Saturday, 7.

O came, unexpected, in the afternoon. I was unwell-coming in her manner; O went back, and I went over to Vernon to get her.

Sunday, 8

She is here, but is not very well.

Monday, 9.

"Still ailing, wind?"

Tuesday, 10.

C, D, O and I to the Obenle benefit. Great enthusiasm at certain rise on 'Heidelberg'. Very good program.

O & I got a car, C & D got left, sans car, and came home mad as hounds. Row. O made fun of C, hurt his dignity, and I feel rather gloomy.

10
11-16
5

Wednesday, 11.

I left. Air very unsettled. C borrowed \$20.00 from R.B.S. & sent for Beba. "No one shall get any more money from Grandma!" Haha! But it was the only thing to do.

Saturday, 14.

I went to the hall where John's funeral recital was held, and ~~took~~^{dropped} home. In the evening she and I and Arthur & Loring went to see Miss's *Fall of Pompeii*.

Sunday, 15.

J.P., O & I to Arthur's. O & I returned at 5, and C & D crossed us going out. Long talk in alcove. O told me she wanted before 12. Presents each month suggested. O very much pleased with idea.

Monday, 16.

O to Vernon. I to Burbank same car. Nothing to do.

Wednesday, 18.

Phoned Q to come over to dinner. Duck.

Thursday, 19.

Q left very early for Vernon; I cold & distant as usual. I met Q after her lesson. She is very much discouraged, because Virginia has returned.

Saturday, 21.

Q came over and we all (C, D, O, I) to the Berkeley - Indian football game.

Sunday, 22

Proposed running away with her. She feels now that she is old enough to marry me. Mother to dinner.

Monday, 23.

Q left in the morning. Phoned Benbank, nothing to do. Income came. Housekeeping to C.

10
24-25
5

Tuesday, 24.

C & I shopped, and bought a load of stationery. C sees a little what house-keeping means. He said "But you never spent time like this on it!" !!!

Wednesday, 25.

Opal came over in the evening & be here for my b'day, tomorrow. She felt rather tired and cross.

Franceska came at ten something, and we took her up to Opal, who had gone to bed. "Here's a little girl looking for you," I said. I was happy for a moment.

Franceska is very pretty, but looks nothing like O, and has none of her "grandeur" and high-bred poise.

10
26
5

Thursday

Jan 22.

Q waked me, running up to the tree room with Francesca. Later she came up alone & chopped my razor & pieces.

She made me a banana cake in the morning, ~~but~~ her lesson in the afternoon, and cooked the dinner when she got back.

Celery soup; stuffed tomatoes, olives, roast chicken, baked sweet potatoes, roasted potatoes, tea, banana cake.

Q gave me a jar of sweet pickles she had made for me, and threw in a pen wiper which is very pretty and equally useful.

Gilead gave me \$2.

Davis sent up a bath card case, and Mama gave me paper of sachet powder. (")

Saturday, 28.

Comie came back from the north, J P & L B.
were moved out to Arthur's by me, and I went to
Long Beach to play for Mrs. John.
Present No. 11 - Browning.

Monday, 30.

O to Vernon while I was in town.

"Merely Mary Ann" with Constance - Full dress. Eleanor Robson ranks with Maude Adams. She is a perfect actress. The exquisite, sweet pathos of her acting cannot be forgotten. She's worth three Mrs. Ficks.

11
1-4
5

Wednesday, 1.

With Connie to see Eleanor Robson - "In a Balcony".
Perfection of refined passion. Every clinging
embrace was a mute sentence of love!

Thursday, 2.

Met Oat Dean's after her lesson, and brought
home a suitcase of books she carried down for
"our" library. She is unhappy. And she
has to sleep in the room with Virginia!

Friday, 3.

Out to Arthur's. Returned on wheel in 30 minutes.

Sunday 5; Monday 6.

~~###~~ It rained. Opal and I spent the evening in the alcove, and after talking things over and over we decided. It happened between 12 and 1 o'clock. O spent the rest of the night with me, and in the morning, about 6, we dressed, and went over. A came down when we had breakfast nearly ready. I told her. She blamed only herself. C came in, and after hearing it, patted O very sweetly on the shoulder. We cried for 5 hours. I went to first rehearsal of Judge & Jury, returned about 3:30. O had told Connie. When C came over, I went back to the home with him, and learned our fate. C was dramatic, and in his "one man out of 10,000" speech a triple melodrama. I told O, we went over again, and O was glorious. Mama came, talked to them in earnest, and tomorrow O, instead of to Mexico, goes only to Arthur's with her. Connie left for the theatre, knowing merely the fact, but not its results, which really are not as bad as might have been.

Tuesday, 7.

Very hard parting from O, who went to the ranch, via Vernon, just before I left for rehearsal. J.P. & Francesca followed to the ranch. C was quite crazy ~~in the evening~~. Stormed up the stairs, to separate us in the morning. O brought me a rose before I was up.

Wednesday, 8.

Rehearsal. Saw Connie at Examiner; quite a talk. Stockbridge's for dinner. Read to him parts of the play. Studied law, with splendid results.

Thursday, 9.

Two phones from O, and a letter to & from her. I guess we'll each keep in touch with the other till such time as God in his infinite etc. etc. Darlington confirmed my chief law knowledge. "Tom Shore" with Connie. Saw French translator, and was much pleased. Talked all through play with Connie. Play unequal to Belasco production. Galbraith was better than Andrew Mack(!)

11
10-13
5

Friday, 10.

I met J.P. after rehearsal, and then G. & I shopped for the new establishment (to be run by G. & I). We spent \$40, and I sent Q. & Annie to get a piano with, tomorrow.

Saturday, 11.

C.S. came up, J.P. came up, and we had a talk. Expressman came with G., and we sent out a load to the Mission house.

Sunday, 12.

Opened in "Judge and the Jury". Morocco to me: "You played your part splendidly." Dinner with Annie at P.E. Grill. (Sentences, 11 sides, 39 lines.)

x Monday, 13.

Bank to cash \$167.²⁵ check for R.D.S.
Paid all the taxes.

11
19-28
5

Sunday, 19.

Opened record week "The Judge & the Jury". Salaries paid last night - \$2 raise for H.P.
Dinner at The Beaumont with C. L. S.

Sunday, 26.

Opened third week "The Judge & the Jury".
Dinner at the Beaumont with C. L. S. She is doing splendid work.

Monday, 27.

To the Mission to see J. P. and take O her rubber boots - (Present No. 2 - Nov. 24-27, inc.) I left early to avoid meeting her, but she came in the gate as I drove out! I scarcely stopped.

Tuesday, 28.

I got \$90 from her rent (at Kinn) yesterday. I took \$25, O \$10, & \$10 more to take, and I gave her \$30 to bank for \$20,000 for my child. Good effect it had. Come to dinner

Sunday.

Late Thanksgiving dinner at the Mission.
 Connie, Dorothy, Cordelia, Opal, Juana, Gilead,
 Searight, Elida, Loring, Francesca, Arthur, Grandma
 and me.

Dorothy showed her true colors, declaring that
 I should never marry O. C., with a little decency
 still left, pleaded with her. She was stubborn
 to the last degree. Grand dramatics. D. jealous of
 Connie. Wandered off in the dark. C went
 nearly out of his mind, and started home. I
 followed. D. turned up, and met C in
 town ~~by~~ when he phoned frantically. They came
 home about 9:30.

Left at 10. Arrived 11.

The fight is on. I feel en-mettled. No
 more waiting. Life! Youth! Love!

"Dauntless the shag-horn to my lips I set,
 And blew 'Childe Roland to the dark tower came!'"

Monday

Left at 5:30. All well. Ate no breakfast.
Town (fake rehearsal) most of the day.

"They" went out (with the intention of killing someone) and were quieted by Mrs telling them she was probably coming round. They were not left alone with her one instant. About 7:30 they got back here.

Left soon after. Arrived 9; left 11:30.

Plans formed - splendid ones. I found out lots of important things this afternoon at the County Law Library.

C told me that D actually thought he (C) was against her (D) yesterday! She's got him to heel again beautifully.

She laid her head on the rails, but miscalculated! (Wow!) She's a slope friend without any doubt. But it will avail her nothing.

12
4
5

Tuesday.

Saw Judge Hatch, and was pleased to hear him take a hopeful view. Tomorrow tells the tale.

Ma phoned "them", and told them I had come round. They are calm and happy. I talked to me at supper. First time since Sunday.

Called on the Maunions to learn name of next play.

12
57
5

Tuesday, 5.

Saw Judge Hatch. Phoned Connie from the Mansions.

Wednesday, 6.

Met Connie at Judge Hatch's. Oklahomath place. Dinner with Connie at the Beaumont. Home, and told C.J. that "Judge & Judy" was for the road, and that I'd been at Stockbridge's. Stockbridge wouldn't pay any price - offered \$15! Returned play.

Thursday, 7.

Packed all my things in 4 hours! To Connie's room at 7:00. A very pretty box bundle, but not at all distinguished. She left in a cab at 7:30 with Connie, who had outfitted her for the journey at a cost of over \$50. I had my haircut, bathed, bought eye glasses, and met Connie at the Mason about 9. "The Sho-gun" is a bully affair - Henshaw was simply delicious. Returned alone to Connie's room, where she came after writing her criticism.

12/
8/
5

Friday, #.

Just after 12 m. we discovered that O had my ticket and I hers. We sent Julia Martin a telegram telling her not to worry.

I wrote a note to Mama, talked with Connie, slept an hour on the lounge, and at 6:30 we went to the Santa Fe station, had oatmeal & coffee, changed my ticket, and at 7:30 J. C. Harvey (long overcoat, derby, short straight hair, and glasses) left L.A. for Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Unfortunately the ticket agent saw Connie as she came out to say good-bye to me. As she was supposed to have left last night (as Mrs. Julia Martin) it must have looked queer to him.

When the agent gave me the right ticket to sign, I couldn't think of my name to save my soul, but luckily he asked for \$5.25 for the berth, and I left the "J. C." and returned after asking Connie my name, handed him a ten to change, and finished writing my name.

12
11
5

Monday

Changed at Newton at 4:45, arrived Guthrie 11:30. O met me, we went to the Hotel Royal; and then I for the license, which was refused on acct O's age. Hatch had blundered, damn him. Consulted Mr. Speed, who referred case to young friend. Searched statutes, which availed nothing. He talked to O, advised us to return to L.A., get guardian, etc. Charged us \$5. Going out, I introduced O to Mr. Speed, who told us not to return, but to go to Denver (which I'd mentioned to him as our prospective home), acquire residence, and go through the guardian business there.

O & I ate supper at a very vile restaurant, and retired in separate rooms at the hotel at 10 o'clock. At Eleven the young lawyer came to my room, said his friend, Dr. Petty, had something to tell me, and went out. The Dr. entered, told me the only thing to do was to take O to some other town, get a license for 22 - P, marry her, and get away. "No jury would award the marriage if they knew the circumstances."

12 - Tuesday + Wednesday, 13.

12
12-13
5

Left Guthrie at 2:30, reached Oklahoma City 3:45; secured license without any trouble, and were married by Judge Harper at about 4:30. At 7 we left, the train nearly 2 hrs. late, reached Newton at 3 a.m., having missed the Denver train by 50 minutes. This forced us to put up at the Arcade Hotel at a cost of \$4, and wait till 4:10 in the afternoon. I telegraphed Connie that it was done; and we spent the day loafing and eating. Scrumptious place, the Harvey house. The waitresses, who had all seen Julia Martin brunette, alone, must have wondered at her resemblance to Sarah Burton, blonde, accompanied by John Burton. We left at 4:10 for Denver, sleeping in separate berths. The conductor only gave me one, and seemed a bit surprised ^{when} ~~that~~ I asked for two. "Sis" and I retired early and slept like the dead. We were tired.

12
14-16
5

Thursday, 14.

Arrived Denver 9:30, breakfasted near the station, and then hunted rooms. Settled at last on "The Holly," one room, steam-heat, stationary hot & cold water, \$4 a week. Our trunks came, we unpacked, and went to dinner at the "Popular," which is the best restaurant at anything like moderate prices that I ever saw. Gorgeous roast turkey, perfect butter, nice rolls. Denver is a bully town. Larger than L. A., all the houses brick or stone, magnificent hotels, public buildings, etc., air bracing, restaurants wonderful. Hurrah for Denver!

Friday, 15.

Shopped in a.m. Almost sick in afternoon. The stores are very good, so are the bakeries.

Saturday, 16.

\$35 dress for Oct 11.50. Switch hunting.

12
17-21
5

Sunday, 17

Fairmount Cemetery. Wonderful weather.

Monday, 18.

Very sick at my stomach. Lost my turkey in the night. Shopped with O.

Tuesday, 19

Shopped with O. We got a very becoming fur for \$5.

Wednesday, 20

We went to the Orpheum Matinee. "Gardner & Stoddard" are the best of their kind I ever saw. Charming refined, real artists, and delightful pair. The man play "Killarney" & "Believe Me", and the girl — Oh that Sussie!

Thursday, 21

Shopped. Bought 3 books, new, at half price.

12
22-23
5

Friday, 22.

Laundry terribly high, and Denver is the dirtiest town in existence, I think - anyway, for a city that looks clean.

Q came round. Present No. 3 - Fleece lined gloves: it has turned fearfully cold.

Saturday, 23.

Shopped. Q bought me a beauty dressing-gown for Xmas. We got a lot of food and dishes.

Two letters from Connie. The "Suicide Club" have not tumbled yet! Oh, stupid fools!

Sunday, 24.

Wrote a 200 word essay for "The Post" competition.

Monday, 25.

Xmas dinner at the Savoy. We (between us) had the whole bill of fare. Telegram from Connie - they slumped